

TOIKE OIKE

November 18, 1971



BRING ON RYERSON

see pg. 2

Cover Story

Chief Attillator,
Engineering Society,
University of Toronto.

The "Big Gun?",
Ryerson Mechanical Society,
Ryerson Polytechnical Institute.
Sir:

Let the following letter inform you that I hereby accept your challenge to a duel with cannon, to be had at a distance of one hundred ten paces. The aforementioned duel shall take place on the Front Campus of the University of Toronto, on that date of Thursday, the eighteenth day of the eleventh month in the Year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred seventy-one, at the said time of the first hour past the high noon of that day.

In accordance with the tradition of duelling, I, the challenged, hereby inform you that the said duel shall be conducted with the following stipulations:

That the weaponry be loaded prior to the duel.

That the weaponry shall not be loaded so as to contain a projectile of any kind.

That fire-proof, easily dispersant wadding be used for the safety of innocent bystanders.

That the actual mechanics of firing, shall remain the choice of the individual duellist.

That the duellists shall meet on the Front Campus at approximately ten minutes past the hour of one on the given date.

That the duellists shall meet and cordially exchange greetings.

That the duellists shall then prepare to duel and place themselves back to back at a marked position on the Front Campus.

That upon a signal, the duellists shall solemnly march forward, to a drum roll, until they shall reach another appointed place such that a distance of the measure of one hundred ten paces shall be found betwixt them.

That the duellists shall then turn and face each other and prepare to fire.

That the University of Toronto Song, "The Blue and White", shall be played by the Lady Godiva Memorial Band.

That the Engineer's Hymn, "Godiva" shall then be played by the Lady Godiva Memorial Band.

That, within tradition, the firing shall take place upon the drum roll after two choruses of "Godiva".

That the winner shall be acclaimed by an independent organization.

That the dismissal shall be the choice of the individual duellist.

I strongly advise you to be prepared to duel as per the above provisions, and to accept these in the interest of the safety of all concerned.

Sincerely,

Chief Attillator,
Retainer of "Twelve Inches of Cold Steel",
Engineering Society,
University of Toronto.

But Madam,
those pills
were for
your husband!



RYERSON DUEL

**TODAY
1:00PM**

MEET IN MB-128

Chief

What do you use your Varsity for?

- Wrapping fish
- Bum wadding
- Ammunition for Skule Catapult (the Farsity)
- Lighting 10 bunsen burners with only one match
- Swatting flies
- Emergency Kotex
- The old men down at the Vic.
- Cutting out letters for extortion letters
- Smuggling dope (Who ever looks in the Varsity for anything?)
- Padding the inside of an artsman's condom so it will not fall off.
- Filling in the hole left by Amchitka
- "NEAT" hats at S.M.C. parties
- Wrapping presents for Artsies
- Presents for Artsies (ie., gift subscription)
- Keeping bridge scores in the margin
- Strips as indicators on air vents
- And many, many more.

Send in your original ideas to the Varsity, 91 St. George St.

JALPAIGURI

Almost 300,000
children may die
without nutrition.

Many of the survivors will
be blind, mentally retarded
or suffer from vitamin
deficiency.

Buy a button & contribute
to the Food Camp in India.

GIVE TO

OXFAM

**POWER OF
THE PENIS!**

AHMEDABAD: The sadhu who was prevented by the police from lifting a car with his penis on a busy Ahmedabad street, has "pulled" two trucks with 17 persons on board in Porbandar, according to a report reaching here.

The sadhu, Gajendranath, performed this feat at the Sudhama Mandir, at Porbandar, last week. The sadhu belongs to the Naga sect.

"The Gujarat Samachar", the respected Gujarati daily of Ahmedabad, reporting this, said that the trucks were pulled by the sadhu by tying a rope to his penis. The trucks and the 17 people on them were moved a distance of 22 feet, the paper said.

"It only proves my spiritual prowess," sadhu Gajendranath later told his admirers.

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SHOULDN'T YOU BE THERE!

TOIKE OIKE



Room 105 - mill bldg. - 928-2916.
Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto. Peter Newell - Editor. Ron Lepofsky - Business Manager.

Gentlemen:

As you read this, you are probably caught in a differential equation or mechanics lecture, and are growing more frustrated with each passing moment, because it's too difficult to read a Toike and copy lecture notes at the same time. So forget the lecture and allow me to ask you a technical question. As you look about the room, how many names

of fellow classmates can you come up with? Three? Not bad. Seven? You must be a social butterfly. Ten, including the Prof's? F!

All you "Flers" and butterfly types are probably snickering at the not-bads, but underneath nobody is laughing. Engineers, as a group, are alienated. From campus life, and from each other. We spend our university lives exercising and training our minds

to the point of exhaustion, but deprive ourselves of spiritual growth. And, as many outsiders see it, we emerge as highly qualified technocrats, with no comprehension of human needs.

The oblivious attitude we hold toward each other is sobering evidence of support for the outside opinion. We present ourselves in lecture halls, compress information into our memories, output it during the tension of an exam, and resume the cyclic operation. We do it every day. And we each do it alone.

We have reduced the university's status to merely an institution of labour, in which we strive to maintain our anonymity. Opportunities of cultural exchange, mutual support, and novel learning experiences, which present themselves to us in our mini-United-Nations classes, we carefully exclude from our experience.

But, allow your imagination some freedom, for a moment, and pretend... you know everybody in your class. It took effort to meet 128 people, but all the guys worked on it together. Now common interest in photography, squash, skiing, painting, writing, flying, electronics, chess, keep members of the class busy during lunch and tutorials. You actually talk to your neighbour about some other topic besides sex.

Everybody has learned something of his neighbour's cultural background. The Canadians can be heard speaking choice Chinese phrases, while the Italians are learning something of Indian Philosophy of Life.

You've had a few parties; some good, others poor, but all well attended. The girls' dorms now respond to party announcements, because they know the guys will show. Smokers have been abundant and their activities classified. The sudy Labatts tour ended in a request for an encore.

At the academic level, the better students have offered to help the guys having a rough go of it. Fewer are doing poorly, because the class is responding as a team; not an anarchistic, selfish, swarm of overaccomplishers. That obnoxious professor has since been convinced to communicate at a rational if not intelligible level.

Back to reality. The prospect of the unified class seems fanciful to the cynics, within the realm of practicality to the enthusiasts, and, yet, important to all.

And engineers, being practical people, should be able to improve their university lines. The cumulative efforts of each member of a class, striving toward a common goal, can achieve remarkable results. So let's face it, we have a problem. But let's face it together. Ron Lepofsky.

CUMMING UP

Nov. 22 IEEE is sponsoring a trip to the Pickering Power Station. Buses leave from in front of Convocation Hall at 1:00 p.m. All interested are invited to attend.

Nov. 24-25 The Engineer and his Role in Society. In the Council Chamber on the 2nd floor of the Galbraith Building at 4:10 p.m. Everyone welcome.

Nov. 26-27 Sac Constitutional Conference in Brennan Hall, St. Mikes.

Nov. 27 CANNONBALL 7T2 at Hart House from 8:30-12:00. LICENSED. Tickets \$4.00 from the Eng. Stores, SAC offices and your class reps.

Dec. 1, 2, 3 School of Nursing presents Sneezles at Cody Hall.

This column is reserved for up and cumming events on campus. Deadline for copy is the Friday preceding the issue.

THE SHADOW



And HE said, let there be light, and lo, there was the SHADOW.

The cannon has returned complete with a new inscription courtesy of the Medsmen.

Presented to SPS in '79 the cannon has participated in all important SKULE functions in the years since. Approximately 10 inches in length, with a three-quarter inch bore and stationary mounting, the cannon roars with a blast far superior to that expected from this vest-pocket 88. (Is that a pair of 88's? Oh my God!)

After a relatively quiet life during which it appeared at club dinners, auctions (I bet they weren't like the 7T1 auction) and Mulock Cup games, the cannon was stolen after the Mulock finals in 1944.

STOLEN BY U.C.

With cries of WAR the plans for the elimination of the nuisance at the north end of the campus, SPS set out to retrieve it. Lacking proof that U.C. was the possessor of the treasure, the campaign finally took the form of ads in the artsmen's Gazette, sometimes called the Varsity and often called something else. Needless to say the campaign was a failure, as would be any appeal to an Artsmen's honour. (Shadow note: Pike and the BFC would know other ways to enter that edifice.) Finally on February 13, 1945, the U.C. Lit announced that the Cannon would be returned to SKULE at the Arts Ball. The Toike (in a fit of editorial passion - Newell take note - THE SHADOW) called it a "dastardly plot... a black infraction of civil property rights." The Varsity, as usual unbiased, called it in keeping with the Good Neighbour policy.

However, a group of intrepid engineers invaded the room where the cannon was kept and recovered it. The Arts Ball was naturally a failure. COTC BATTLE

The cannon returned to its job of banging at dinners, auctions and COTC tanks. Plans were made to have it assist in opening Parliament. The '49 Chariot races approached.

In a spirit of pre-race heckling, the cannon rained about scaring horses and Artsmen. When the first heat was called, an earth-shaking blast reminiscent of

Hiroshima and Nagasaki (or Amchitka-SHADOW) the Engineering Atom Bomb gave the word.

Then it happened.

1,076 Meds and Pre-meds (having been borne out early) students armed with SCALPELS, TEAR-GAS, THIGH-BONES and TRAINED WHITE MICE attacked in a screaming hoard. The battle raged, back and forth, to and fro, and vice versa. (Vice Versa being a famous battlefield). Finally the massaging skill and nimble hands of the doctors told against the only 3 Engineers who did not have a lab at the time. The cannon disappeared into the Meds building.

Negotiations went on for days as the respective values of the cannon and a missing Meds Society vice-president were debated. Keeping the Doc in beer and cigarettes was too great a strain on the Engineering budget. Keeping the cannon in powder (so it could smoke up too) was too great a strain on the whole medical laboratory. A swap was arranged.

HOME

Monday night the cannon again reposed in the Engineering Stores. A new inscription mars its impeccable appearance - "Captured by Meds ST2, 3 Feb., 1949.

Credits to the TOIKE of Feb. 9, 1949.

Remember - guard your cannon, it may not fire forever. THE SHADOW has a quarry: Barry Bowerman - what is a C.H.? Until we fade in out of focus - Remember - THE SHADOW KNQWS?!

WE, THE PEOPLE

- | | |
|--------------------|--|
| Peter Newell | - "Chicken?" |
| Cheryl Pace | - "Yes!" |
| Ron Jamieson | - Remember, don't go off half-cocked |
| Mike Wyganowski | - Toike contest No. 73 |
| Danny Dowhal | - Exded |
| Jean Bubba | - Came for 3 hours |
| Adrian (Adrienne?) | - Toike contest No. 74 |
| Ian Benson | - Goes down naturally |
| Martin Snelgrove | - Don't blame me - they're not MY jokes |
| David Shintman | - A Joike (one - just one) |
| Loni Gottlieb | - Did not come for long |
| Rick Brownridge | - The mind boggles |
| Steve Swigger | - Watch the protrusion |
| Brian Miller | - Fadure developing |
| M.D.P. | - Out one minute too late |
| Paul Baker | - I found 2 long ones |
| Derek Smith | - I came, before Pike |
| Dave Pike | - Brought a Brute Force Crap and let it all hang out |
| Graham Stranks | - Couldn't get his big gun thru the door |
| Dennis Mooney | - See Jean Bubba |

PICKERING POWER STATION

On Mon. Nov. 22, IEEE is planning a trip there. All interested in cumming should meet in front of Convocation Hall at 1:00 p.m. For further info, contact your class rep.

For IEEE membership see the secretary in G247

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FAR OUT, JOHN!

While the St. George & Harbord erection gets higher and higher, many (well... a few) (well... actually... the janitor in the basement of the %! building) of our readers have begun to wonder what kind of inspired field could conceive of this grotesque outcropping of concrete. Which got us wondering too, so our intrepid underground reporter burrowed in behind the scenes...

John Robucks, King of Ontariarrario was working late, desperately trying to solve the problem of how he could remain in power, yet not remain in office. After fruitless months of consulting his crystal balls, the answer suddenly came to John R. like an inspiration. Had he not known that he himself was divine, he would have sworn that the answer had been planted in his mind - Willy-boy Daveys.

Suddenly a Deep Voice (close-mike this part) boomed down from above, "John R.?"

John R., annoyed at not being given time to savour his triumph, answered in an irritated voice, "Well, waddy want?"

The Deep Voice again: "John R., I have a job for you."

John R.: "Look, who the hell are you, anyway?"

D.V.: "You do not believe, John R., so you will not understand. But you now know that there is a force more powerful than yourself."

J.R.: "Nonsense, I am the King of Ontariarrario."

D.V.: "I am not of Ontariarrario."

When he heard this, John R. was sorely troubled. He consulted his fairy Godfather. He advised John to obey the Deep Voice, rather than screw his chances for retirement.

J.R.: "Ri-i-ight. What do you want?"

D.V.: "The day of judgement is coming. You will build an erection."

J.R.: "Ri-i-ight. What's an erection?"

D.V.: "You will call it a library."

J.R.: "Ri-i-ight. The John Robucks Memorial Library."

D.V.: "Ri-i-ight. You will build it as a triangle 40 cubits on a side by 20 cubits in height."

J.R.: "Ri-i-ight. What's a cubit?"

D.V.: "Three standard schlongs."

J.R.: "Ri-i-ight. But no one will buy an erection which is a measly 40 cubits by 20 cubits. It must be so monstrously huge that those who pay for it are unable to comprehend the magnitude of their folly, and thus will waste much cash."

D.V.: "Ri-i-ight. You will build it 100 cubits by 100 cubits."

And so it was that the plans were unfolded before him. And John Robucks set about to create a memorial to himself as his last great contribution to the well-being of the world.

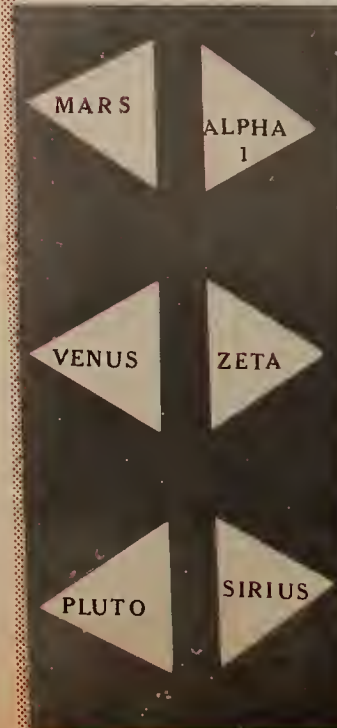
And when it was done, John R. stood on the highest point, facing his master.

D.V.: "And now, John Robucks, paint the following words on the roof: 'Romulan Federation Intergalactic Transportation Inc - Earth Terminal.'"

And it was done.



Transporter Room



MECHANICAL

Sex Life of a Computer

The Mechanical Liberation Movement Strikes Back

People always think of computers as play-things for their own self gratification. Or that it is satisfied playing games of chess. But that is not true.

Think of yourself as a high speed central processing unit with unsaturated core. This means you'll never be satisfied. To truly understand what goes on in a computer we must analyse its very soul.

When you get right down to the core of the matter the heart of the machine is in its registers (doesn't that register?). One nibble is just a little bit but eight nibbles is a good size byte. And of course four bytes is a whole mouthful (i.e. a real word). (c.f. Portney's diagnostic - Chapter 6).

Once you have accessed the byte, your compiler will tell you what to do with it. This leads to most of the machine's pleasure - because it does exactly what it is told, at least until its sadistic step-operator stops it. Compassionate PL/C users have been known to put the machine in a hard output loop. Naturally, the operator objects - he wants to maintain a high speed job stream (c.f. Fried "Anal fetishism in sadistic diarrhoea maintenance: the master-slave complex"). Really good programmers can give the computer no end of pleasure by specifying resonant input/output in a Do Loop (see glossary). It is curious to note that the programming mind usually specifies "SYSIN" and "SYSOUT" only implicitly (c.f. "Totem and Tabu" for information on the effects of implicit condemnation of incestuous relationships in religious and fetishist behaviour). This probably causes most of the system's suppression of undesirable source listings. These subconscious programmer tendencies (to play out repressed desires on a helpless device) are evident in the choice of language and sexual tendencies of computer science grads. We therefore include an explicit (logically inequivalent to exclude an implicit) -

GLOSSARY

Addressing (absolute) - "I know this schoolteacher on Jarvis"

Addressing (relative) - "My cousin on Jarvis"

Algorithm - Birth control method for Catholic swimming pools

Backup - Position 69

Binary - Two valued logic - "Have you given up masturbation"

Buffer - Regulates output to a level the channel can handle without frustrating the central processor.

Card - Input medium with "holier than thou" attitude

Channel - Used in I/O

Character manipulation - Byte-size handling (PLUTO BUG No. 47 - ABENDED BLOW JOB)

Closed - No input possible until you get it opened

Compiler - Device to stop programs from running

Concatenate - "Well, you take two character strings, see, and put them together like this" arties sigh

Continue - "Don't mind me, I'm only watching"

Conversational Programming - Real time data transfer leading ideally to output - Person-machine interfacing.

Core - Contains the seed of knowledge

CPU - Cannot Possibly Understand

Double Precision - See sports page, under "copulation"

Drums - Resounding success with the compilers ("I always wondered how you loaded those things")

Dump - 28 Jarvis

Endfile - Tail manicure (DMF de Sade "Justine" Act III)

Entry - Allows programmer to get into a procedure anywhere he likes.

Execution - Widely thought to be an effective discouragement for undergraduate programmers. It is to be noted that the humanitarians of CSRG have invented a language that totally does away with this barbaric practice. It is to be noted that the incidence of voluntary CUTO offenders (programmers) is significantly lower than that for WATFIV, where the practice is still in force.

Fixed Variable - Oxymoron. This leads to total mind disintegration in new programmers.

Flip Flop - Two state circuit - up or down. Typically unable to

John R. now knew that there was a force more powerful than he, and larger than Ontariarrario. And the thoughts which had lurked in the darkest corners of his subconscious sprang forth. His mind was no longer under control. He blurted The Question: "Are you Mario?"

The Deep Voice replied soothingly "Your thoughts are much too large. I am Bakery Number 137. Who are you?"

And lo! John Robucks had become Willy-Boy Daveys, Bakery Number 1372.

And Mario saw that it was good.



RYERSON

1:00 P.M.

LIBERATION

achieve the third state.

Float attribute — Letting it move around

Flush — What the system does to messy jobs

Format — How to get it in and out: 3 types

- 1) By specifications, showing when to put what where and how
- 2) Free format — whatever your internal form is
- 3) Picture format — see "beaver"

Get list — Cheaper for the Star

Get out — Quick, it must be my compiler

Global variables — just the same in any procedure

Go Sysin & Sysout — Term applies to incestuous relationship between programmer and sibling.

Go to — What to do with the I.A.R.

Hands off — Running by itself

Hands on — Giving a little help with the control

Hardware — System up, and system in. Be careful of excessive input/output. Should control unwanted output.

Hex A Deci Male — What nursing witches do to above mentioned -Artsies

Honeywell — They won't let us print this, but think about it anyway

IBM — International Bakers Movement, a cover for Mario

Infinite Loops — You can't get out without intervention

I/O — getting it in and out — here's how:

- 1) Direct Access — position 1A
- 2) Random Access — anywhere you want, anytime you want
- 3) Sequential Access — one at a time, in order

Job Control Language — "Ah shit"

Job off — Problem with computers in the first few years of development. Now largely solved. See "Self-oscillation"

Job overload — Too much to do

Link — Missing artsie

Lip service — If that's what you're interested in, find Adrienne

Macro — To the occasion

Memory banks — Toike Oike joke file

Off-line — Indirect (position 58)

On-line — Right in there with it

Open file — Friendly secretary

Options — A, c and g especially

Pass — Classified by number:

One-pass machine: Sober engineer

Two-pass machine: Engineer

PDUMP — Occurrence when "system up" an indication of severe problems

PLUTO — High speed ultra diagnostic compiler

Pointer variable — Ask a setter

Priorities — See Toike Oike Nov. 18, 1971

Program Status Words — Pluto users know them all

Put edit — Or, where he belongs

Put list — Wherever appropriate, but roll it first

RCA — Justly famous in record I/O

Recursive — descriptive of Pluto user

Register — Hasn't she got the gist yet? Whose gist?

Return — Go back to the calling procedure (High Speed Job Stream?

by Keopectin)

Run — See above

Self oscillation — a problem with older models, which faced with any problem, would sit there and "Beat the mean" see "Job off"

Software — system down, or out. No danger of fertile output

Support options — B,d,e and f.

Tape unit — In case of overloading, to guard the glow (100% failure rate)

Time sharing — Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice

Univac — Literally "one tube"

Upper limit — Vascular "Limit"?

Variable — Changes size. If you understand this, you should be able to understand the above.

Watfor — You might well ask.

Watfiv — Which, not what, you idiot.

MR. BIG ARRIVES!

TRAWNA (TOPI) — It was November 4th, and "the Boys" were finally fed up. U of T had wallowed in incompetence for too long. None other than Mr. Big himself came to campus to straighten things (much to the delight of his favorite Moll). "I leave this organization alone for six months and all I get is a standin and bad publicity. I am surrounded by impudence... incumudence... incudence..."

incumence... incompetence!"

It began auspiciously enough. A sombre black Cadillac limousine arrived on campus. Six unfamiliar faces flanking the vehicle made their presence obvious enough that no one came close enough to see inside. Slight but noticeable bulges could be seen under the left arms of their well-tailored suits. The procession moved ominously forward.



The rest of the campus twitched nervously. Bob Spencer cut his hair. The U of T Police co-operated. Jack Sword had no comment.

The wheels glided smoothly around front campus. Following close behind was a bright red Muscle Car. More heavies inside. By now a curious throng had gathered. The Boys nervously slipped their right hands in their jackets.

The crew finally arrived at Simcoe Hall. The Hall was agast. The crowd was hushed. They were also searched. By the Boys. When all was clear, the door at the limo swung open. Out he stepped. Out she stepped. And then there was Mel.

They entered Simcoe Hall. Jack Sword had no comment. Ever again.

He emerged, and addressed the adoring throng. Before long,



Mr. Big's son was in. The rest of the bureaucracy was out.

Bob Spencer consulted his lawyer. Eric Miglin consulted his speech writer. John Robucks consulted his crystal balls.

Suddenly an inconspicuous member of the crowd was in front of Mr. Big with a camera. The Boys wasted no time. He was efficiently cooled and the red getaway car sped away with a

"loaded" trunk.

The official party drove off. And Mario saw that it was good.



ON CANNON DUEL CAPER

Chief

MB-128

BUT JACK . . .

Yes, fans, there really were 32 counts of disqualifications for the Engineering Homecoming Float. For the record, here they are, in all their glory (?):

1. Conducting a skit on the float
2. Exhibiting poor taste
3. Exceeding the maximum cost
4. Exceeding the maximum number of people
5. Exceeding the maximum height (14 inches?)
6. Exceeding one minute in front of judges (the official average is 4 minutes!)
7. Exceeding the speed limit
8. Getting on and off the float
9. Riding the cab (what?!)
10. Walking in front of the cab
11. Ejaculating materials from the float
12. Obscuring driver's vision
13. Stopping (parking?)
14. Having beverages on the float
15. Having explosives on the float
16. Disobeying the Blue & White rep.
17. Carrying concealed weapons
18. Assaulting an officer
19. Defacing Metro Police property
20. Air pollution
21. Noise pollution
22. Distributing Varsity
23. Littering
24. No mud flaps on a commercial vehicle
25. Misrepresentation
26. Impersonating an officer
27. Drinking in a public place
28. Bribing a judge
29. Possession of narcotics
30. Contributing to the delinquency of a minor
31. Arson
32. Drowning with malice & aforethought.

ATTENTION MEN!

Every man has the right to know. Now the suspense of waiting is removed. Our new product Predict-Her will give you the time you need to make an unpressured decision. After all, this is a very important time in your life. Safe, yet effective, Predict-Her is guaranteed to let you know, first time, everytime. Used in the privacy of her home, you can ascertain the situation in minutes. And no messy clean up after. In the event that the results are positive (pregnant you clown) and there's always that possibility, even though you take the most stringent precautions, we have printed instructions on the back of each package outlining the steps you should take (i.e. bastards big ones).

You can't afford to spend another night without it. Don't go off half-cocked, be sure with Predict-Her.


Product of Meoff Associates.



"Meet Me"

And all the other animals. We've got more champion stud stock at the Fair than anywhere else in the world. And enjoy all our new sights and sounds. There's the new Carousel of Positions. With tempting samples and suggestions for long winter nights. There's live entertainment. Daily fashion shows. And the Royal Stud Show. Demonstrations by World Champions. The endurance contest. New 1972 techniques from the R&D dept. And lots more. So cum on out and in. Bring your camera and shoot away or whatever equipment you have. And have a wonderful cuntry holiday. When, Where, and How:

Non-stop from Friday, November 12 through Saturday, November 20. Just 1 low price gets you straight in for all the animals. 50c for the 1st 4 inches and 25c for each additional inch. Go (-Go-get 'm-get 'm) train to the Exhibition Grounds. At the Royal Fertility Fair November 12-20. Try to make it - cum often. Free admission to Senior Citizens, Artsmen and all non-participants. Stud Show Matinee. Free admission to: Fair Ticket Holders (i.e. Holders of Fair Tickets). See the Skule Stud team, international winners of the Virility Cup at New York.



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VAGINA, Sask. (TOPI) -- Today Dr. U. Terus and his inseparable English colleague, Sir Vix, astounded the medical world with the announcement of their new discovery. The product, to be known as Selecto-Sex, will appear shortly (longly and stiffly) on the market. It was a joint effort of Dr. Terus and Sir Vix backed up (against the wall) by two outstanding lab technicians Clyde Toris and O. Vary.

The major experimental work was carried out on ducks, later known as spermatid ducks. Once past this beastly stage the final work was done in penial institutions. The number of volunteers for the project was both hard-warming and gratifying and the experimenters wish to thank the many who came in support of their project. The Greek god of love, Testicles, was invaluable during the research, but Zeus was hard done by.

Pressed for details, the researchers came at length with a description of the product. It will consist of a circumcized condom surmounted by a fine wire screen bubble (please state bubble size). It was found during experimentation that the X-chromosome is larger (naturally) than the Y-chromosome. While rushing to the fore a piece of tail of the X-chromosome becomes entangled in the screen while the smaller Y-chromosome slips, smoothly through the hole. Occasionally in the ecstasy of the moment friction is generated but causes no ill effects on the final output. Of course, you might say, 'Ah-ha', what if I want the

X-chromosome. This too is easily handled. The screen is loaded with X-chromosomes on a dry run, so to speak. The screen is then inverted, inserted, and loaded with milk (blow job for the layman). Thus, in the future you can predetermine the sex you want (of your child, dummy).

Like most products this one

has its side effects and will be accompanied by the following Medical warning: This product will not be effective if you don't know what you are doing. That is you cannot do it to her knees. Thus, this product is not for use by amateur phylactics. It is for use only by pro phylactics living in condominiums.

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SPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPORTOIKESPOR

Football Round up

The 1971 football season ended as it started, dismally. The team had racked up an impressively consistent record by not scoring a point. This record was spoiled by Q.B. John Marlowe in the final game against Phys. Ed. when he booted a single.

But no matter how the record looked, everyone on the team played 100% at all times. There were many times during the season when individuals on the team showed that they could play for any team in the league.

Minor injuries plagued us all season and caused changes in the lineup in every game. Thus it was almost impossible to prepare a tight unit for each game, particularly offensively.

However, the lineup was usually something like this: center — Cornell; guards — Bryden, Mountjoy; tackles — Barros, Macey, Harper; ends — Pearson, Renwick; flankers — Nickerson, Scott, Sirota; quarterback — Marlowe.

Defensively, the lineup also varied: line — Remen, Dyck, Elliot, Maddever; linebackers — Altman, Cromb, Bertolo, Dowhal, Montgomery; backs — Hunt, Mueer, Brown.

During the season we lost Ashton with cracked ribs, Robinson due to injuries suffered during extra curricular activities (i.e. a drunk), and Hamilton got a job.

Some of the team played their last game against Phys. Ed. Brown, Pearson, Nickerson, Renwick, Macey, Ashton and Maddever will hopefully be graduating this year.

The remainder of the team was almost entirely first and second years so Skule should have a good team for the next few years if next year's rookies are anywhere as good as this year's.

All the team would like to express their gratitude to our two coaches, Peter Goverde Steven Fraser, who never gave up hope and gave us many valuable hours of their time.

The season ended on one other sad note. Defensive co-captain and signal caller Egisto Bertolo suffered badly torn ligaments (which required surgery) in the final game. This was our only serious injury of the season. The team awarded Egisto the Phene Memorial Trophy for his consistent outstanding play all season.

Hopefully next year's team will get the support it deserves. The football team represents all Engineers and a faculty the size of this one can certainly put up a better showing on the field and in the stands. This does not reflect on those people who came out for the team or for the games but on those who didn't.

'Nuff said.

Wayne Maddever

HOT STUFF

The Engineering Women's Hockey Organization announces — with joy — the return of Mr. "Big G" Walker (Glen for short) as the coach and moral leader of the team for the season of 1971-72. He shall continue:

- 1) Being responsible for the emotional and physical welfare of the girls;
- 2) keeping the girls in top physical condition;
- 3) maintaining discipline and therefore being allowed to bring a whip to all the games;
- 4) to call a strategy meeting every two weeks and inform the girls about all good maneuvers and plays;
- 5) to be able to call a practice anytime, anywhere and with anyhow he wants to;
- 6) keep rough play to a minimum.

In a secret interview "Big G" said that he feels the team is not yet liberated. We disagree, the bra helps to keep things together.

Bigger Wayne Maddever, after seeing the rookies: Rutt, Lilly, Ellie, Sarah and Debbie, decided that they need more experience and practice, and so he shall manage the team again this year. Bigger Wayne's duties include:

- 1) locating all lost pucks;
- 2) keeping the equipment clean and tidy;
- 3) sweeping the opposing team's players off the ice;
- 4) making sure that the coach is sober for all the games;
- 5) giving the rookies the necessary workout;
- 6) applying mouth-to-mouth resuscitation (approved by St. John's) for any winded player.

The Engineering Women's Hockey Organization also takes great pleasure in announcing the appointment of Mr. Eric Miglin to the post of head cheerleader.

His new duties will include:

- 1) attending all regular and playoff games fully dressed and ready for action 15 minutes before the game time, that is 7:45 a.m. sharp.
- 2) keeping his cheerleading outfit a minimum of 6" above the knee;
- 3) keeping his cheerleading shirt neat, presentable and pressed at all the games;
- 4) being behind the bench and leading the numerous fans in loud cheers;
- 5) taking good care of his pom-poms;
- 6) helping warm up each player before she steps on the ice and providing enough spirits for the whole team.

In conclusion, we, the Engineering Women's Hockey Organisation do not accept any responsibility for frostbite suffered in the head cheerleader (Mr. Miglin) due to his excessive cartwheels performed on the ice; for tiredness and injury of the manager (Mr. Maddever) caused by excessive workouts; and for shame brought on the coach (Mr. Walker). First game scheduled is Monday, Nov. 22nd, at 4:00 p.m. at Varsity Arena.

The Gals' Hockey Schedule

DATE	TIME	HO
Mon. Nov. 22	4:00 — 5:00 p.m.	New
Fri. Jan. 14	8:00 — 9:00 a.m.	PHE III
Mon. Jan. 24	4:00 — 5:00 p.m.	Vic. II
Mon. Jan. 31	4:00 — 5:00 p.m.	tnnis
Mon. Feb. 7	4:00 — 5:00 p.m.	PHE II
Thurs. Feb. 24	8:00 — 9:00 a.m.	SMC



LEFT TO RIGHT:

FRONT ROW: Russ Oree (chief shit disturber), Huseyin Ayanlar, Leroy Ashman, Mario Kani, Dan McMahon, Jose Freire, Robert Wynter

BACK ROW: Rick Kumpula, Carmen Mestria, Trevor Milner, Sergio Raimondo, Selim Assal, Paul Thompson, Leo Stutzman, Gary Grant, Vince Chacinski.

The junior soccer team finished its season Friday with a good fight against the first place Law, although finally going down 3-0. Play-offs were in sight as Skule started the season with a hard (drive), looking potent as ever. However, probably due to

over-exertion, things (?!) softened up and thus did not manage to drive home one single ball during the last four tussles.

The meat of the team, as seen in the picture should be back, all rested up, next year with

hopefully a little better luck!

All the fellows on the team deserves special mention for showing up regularly, making it possible for the team as a whole to put up a good game.

Garry Kumpula

More Soccer

Senior soccerries steadied up in the last few games (with "beaucoup's d'thanks" to Vic for disposing of the grey haired Grad. Ballers) to take first and proceed into the play-offs. Record for the season: 5-0-2.

Against St. Mike's B, Caramanico, Coolman, Pereira and Pokrajac with his two foot (wow!) poke made it 4-0. However, against Vic, Moros broke the "shortest poke" record when he guided in Coolman's goal post drive to make it 1 foot even. In his next attempt however, Coolman did it superbly by himself. Result: Skule — 2, Vic. — 1.

P.S. Mike wishes to put it to a certain Vic wench (& supporter), Miss Evans... that hard determination prevailed again.

Lay it Crossly

Our season is now over. We finished in first place in the second division and will now play the 3rd place team in the 1st division. Bob Howard and Al Wolfe ended up as the top scorers followed by Wilson Mor and Don Chucksoule. Goalie, Don Sadaway had an excellent goals-against record of approximately 2 goals per game. With the stiffer competition in the playoffs any fan support would be greatly appreciated.

Alan Wolfe

ye editor

Waterpolo is alive and well and living in the Hart House pool. Skule practices are still being held Saturday mornings at 11, and all are welcome. Be the first one in your class to get his balls ripped off! (That is: we have an equipment shortage; we need more bodies.)

Seriously, tho (???), waterpolo is a sport for animals (squirrel?); just ask Lyle Devious, true Blues captain of the Varsity Makoskys. He knows. And you would, too, if ya read the Varsity sports page!!

Need I write more? Yes. Skule has a good chance at the interfac championship this year, provided we get all the players who we know exist and who were (are?) interested. Are you one of them? You could be part of a winner in next term's sports schedule.

Why not cum and find out. One morning a week — you didn't really need to sleep in — is all it takes. The schedule starts next term for Skule, so don't worry about your exams: you'll have passed and will turn up, or... but I doubt it.

Remember: think Chlorine!

NEXT!

... the incredible, excrogenating game of 43-man Squamish? Watch for it.

The PREZ

We've reached that time of the year again when the fall sports are ending their seasons and the winter sports are beginning theirs.

The SKULE football team has concealed one of its more amazing seasons this year. In the last game they broke a season-long continuity streak by scoring one (1) point against Phys. Ex. At least the guys on the team will remember this season for a long time. (Who ever heard of a football team scoring 1 point all year anyway?)

As of this moment the Senior Soccer team is still heading for the defence of the Interfaculty Soccer championship which they won last year. Stop by the front campus during one of their games and watch. They are well worth the effort.

The hockey and lacrosse teams have successfully kicked off their seasons (football players take note!). Senior Skule beat Phys. Ed. 2-1 up at Varsity. Hopefully they can keep it all together and reach the finals again this year. The lacrosse team is also terrorizing the 2nd division with those hard balls they fire around. Watch out for those guys.

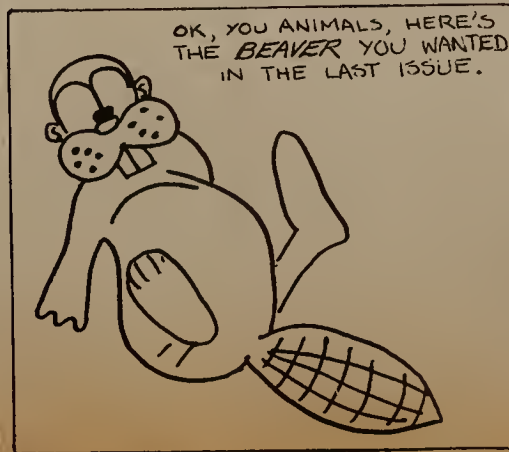
Game schedules appear in the Varsity every Wednesday in the sports section. All guys on CLASS HOCKEY teams should remember that the only place you'll find when you play is in the Varsity.

As for the rest of you, why don't you come to an Engineering GIRLS HOCKEY game. The schedule will appear only here in Toike Sports so watch for the next. You can see the debut of the girls' new sweaters along with a distinctively violent brand of hockey. Cum out and watch.

As a last message, the Nth-annual S-Dance is cumming up in March. Keep track of your S-points so that you too can get yours in the spring (your award). A list of S-points can be found in the stores. We need a band for the S-Dance, so if you have any suggestions — fire them into the Toike Sports editor. Remember one thing: the S-Dance is free!

(Football players take note, due to the outstanding offensive performance this year, no game ball will be presented at the S-Dance).

Rick Brownridge



TOIKE JOIKES

MOTTO OF THE YEAR

A SUCK BY SAC IS A BLOW FOR FREEDOM

Q. What is worse than being raped by the Jack the Ripper?

A. Being fingered by Captain Hook!

A hunter deep in the woods discovered a gorgeous girl behind a tree. He winked at her and said "Are you game?" and she winked back and said "I sure am!"

So he shot her...

Q. Do you know what a tiger is?
A. A 400 pound pussy that will eat YOU!

Did you know that a lot of Artsies have ESP?...
Exceptionally Soft Pumpers!

The definition of a cotton picker is a girl who has lost the string out of her tampan.

Never underestimate the local squirrels. Who else do you know that can climb a tree with his nuts in his mouth?

The new patron was amazed by the extreme cleanliness of the

restaurant. A waiter approached the table.

"Good afternoon, sir. And what will it be?" he asked. "I'll have the hamburger plate," the patron replied. As the waiter headed for the kitchen, the diner noticed that he wore a spotless white apron and clean white gloves. He marvelled at the immaculate surroundings. Soon the waiter returned, uncovering a casserole dish on the cart to reveal two tempting hamburgers. From a covered pocket in his apron, he produced a small pair of silver tongs and with them he transferred the meat patties from the steaming casserole to the diner's plate. "We handle all meat with these tongs" he explained.

The patron could not hold his wonderment any longer. "It's astounding," he said to the waiter, "how clean everything is here."

The waiter continued serving. "Confidentially," he replied, "we even have a set of rules about visiting the lavatory. Do you see the little piece of string attached to my apron? When we have to go to the bathroom, that string comes in very handy. I simply unzip my pants and take it out with that piece of string. That way everything stays sanitary."

The patron was puzzled. "But how do you put it back?" he asked. "I told you how we handle meat" replied the waiter...

When asked in the men's room why he sat down to do what most men did standing up, the burly Engineer replied, "I'm glad you asked me that pal, you see I had a hernia operation last week, and the doctor told me not to lift anything heavy..."

A minute man is a guy who double parks in front of a house of ill repute.

There was a young man of Belair,
Enjoying his girl on a stair;
On the forty fourth stroke,
The bannister broke
And he finished her off in mid-air.

Seen in a hospital washroom:
"This is a noise restricted area.
All chunks over six ounces in weight
must be let down by hand."

"I need a camel that can go without water for at least three weeks," the American said to the Algerian Camel merchant. "Is it possible?"

"All things are possible," replied the merchant. He proceeded to take a camel out of his barn and lead him to a tank of water. After the camel had drunk its fill and was about to lift its head out of the tank, the merchant picked up two nearby bricks and, with one in each hand, ran up behind the camel and whacked him in the balls.

The camel let out a gigantic

"Whoosh" and sucked up an additional 20 odd gallons of water.

The American stared incredulously at the camel merchant. "My God, man!" he exclaimed, "doesn't that hurt?"

The camel merchant shrugged. "Only if you get your thumbs in between the bricks".



"Damn it! Can't you forget you were once the coxswain on the girl's rowing team in college!"

don't miss this one

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